

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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S. C. WALTON, - Business Manager.

The Supreme Court of the United States has denied the writ of error in the case of the Chicago anarchists and unless Gov. Oglesby shall advise his pardon peremptorily, the red-headed murderers will swing next Friday, as they should have done long ago. The decision is very lengthy and covers every point raised fully and lucidly. One point is especially gratifying—that which says in effect that intelligence shall be no bar to jury service and "that although a juror may have formed an opinion based upon rumor or upon newspaper statements, but has expressed no opinion as to the truth, he is still qualified as a juror if he states that he can fairly and impartially render a verdict thereon in accordance with the law and the evidence, and the court shall be satisfied of the truth of such statement." The denial of the writ and the execution of the condemned will have a most salutary effect on the growing disposition of foreigners and others to murder and override the laws and the day that sees them swinging will be an auspicious one for the whole country.

The news for the next week or so will be of great moment. Elections will occur in Ohio, New York, Virginia and Maryland and the result is of more than usual interest because it is thought it will forebode to a great degree the result in 1888. Of course Ohio will go republican, but good news comes from New York, where it is said the democratic State ticket will be elected by 15,000 or 20,000.

Gov. Buchanan's Thanksgiving proclamation is a model of brevity and pointedness, recommending merely that the people of Kentucky observe Thursday, November 24, the day set apart by the President "in the manner in which each individual may deem most fitting, to acknowledge the bounties which have been extended by the beneficence of the Supreme Being."

A STORE KEEPER named Landrum has preferred serious charges against Hupier Wood, which if they can be substantiated ought to lose him his place as collector of the Second District. It is said, however, that Landrum is an unreliable, disappointed fellow, who cannot sustain his charges.

JENNIE LIND, the Swedish nightingale, who forty years ago used to hold audiences spell-bound with her matchless voice, died Wednesday, aged 66. It has been more than 20 years since she appeared before an audience, during which time she has lived quietly and happily as Mrs. Goldschmidt.

THREE of the condemned anarchists, Lange, Fischer and Engel, boldly proclaim that they want liberty or death and will not accept a commutation of sentence. They should be given death on the day fixed. The country is tired of the long delay.

The job printers in New York struck for nine hours work and ten hours pay and not only got beat, but 300 or more were thrown entirely out of employment. It never pays to not the bug, though it takes some people a long time to find it out.

ONE of the Cleveland fur thieves, who murdered a man in attempting to rescue one of his pals, has been sentenced to death. He bet his attorney a cigar the jury would find as it did and smiled when he saw that he had won.

THE men on trial at Morehead for conspiring to murder Judge Cole, were acquitted on the peremptory instructions of Judge Morton, special judge in the case. There seems to have been much cry and little wool.

GOV. GORDON, besides kissing Gen. Morgan square in the mouth, seems to have made a fool of himself generally during his speechifying tour in Ohio. He ought never to have left his Georgia home.

SINCE the Western Union gobbled up the Baltimore & Ohio telegraph it has raised rates so that no message, night or day, goes for less than 25 cents. The grinding monopoly will continue to grind.

KENTUCKY will have a hanging to day at Lexington when Buck Ages will leave us by the hemp route. Fully 1,000 more such murderers ought to be made to do likewise.

THE 6th Louisiana district elected a democrat to fill the vacancy in the Congressional delegation for that State.

THE reports of the fatal illness of Jefferson Davis at Macon, are, we are glad to say, untrue.

CAPT. SMITH IRWIN deserves the thanks of our citizens for his promptness in sending an engine up with a full tender of water and buckets and ropes for fighting the fire.

THE Page Dramatic Company is the worst lot of amateurs we have ever seen. Their performance here was not only thin, but some points of it too coarse for any but a negro minstrel audience. The whole ship's crew should retire to some sequestered spot and learn to act before they appear before a decent assembly.

PERSONAL.

—DR. AND MRS. C. A. COX arrived yesterday.

—MISS ANNIE WRAY is visiting friends in Lebanon.

—C. H. RODES, Esq., of Danville, is attending court.

—DR. O. H. McROBERTS, of Liberty, is with his parents.

—MISS JULIA HIGGINS went to Lexington to visit relatives yesterday.

—HON. JOHN W. YERKES, the brightest republican in the district, was here Tuesday.

—MR. AND MRS. S. P. STAGG have taken rooms in the Owsley building over his drug store.

—MRS. M. J. MILLER and Mrs. A. G. Lovell, of Mt. Vernon, are guests of Mrs. J. J. Williams.

—MRS. W. McKEE DUNCAN, who has been visiting Mrs. R. C. Warren, returned to Louisville yesterday.

—MRS. T. R. WALTON and Miss Maria Paxton paid Mrs. William Boynton, in Garrard, a visit this week.

—REV. SETH COOK and wife, of Mercer, are here, visiting his sister, Aunt Betsy Nevius, and other relatives.

—CAPT. J. W. ROSE, of the Greensburg Branch, was up Tuesday and went with a party to Danville to confer some high Masonic degrees.

—MR. L. B. GIVENS left yesterday for Slater, Mo., where he goes to sell territory for the Florence Washing Machine. We wish him great success.

—MR. J. H. VANHOOK, an excellent young business man and a very clever gentleman, will leave in a few days to take a position in a drug store at Ash Grove, Mo.

—THE Liberty Advertiser in mentioning the return of Miss Lavinia McKinney to Kentucky says: "Her superior intellect and magnetic manner won her hosts of friends who lament her departure."

—MISS ALICE EUBANKS, daughter of Mr. J. W. Eubanks, her friends will be glad to learn she was able to ride out a few days since, after being confined to her bed by sickness for two years or more.

LOCAL MATTERS.

BIG bargains in comforts, blankets, cloaks, shawls, warm underwear, overcoats, and in fact everything the people need at Powers' Great Bargain store.

ALL signs fall in dry weather. Three from are generally followed by falling weather, but four heavy ones have come this week and there is still no sign of the much needed rain.

A horse driven by Misses Emma Baker and Mary Horton ran away with them while en route to Danville on Tuesday, demolishing the vehicle, but fortunately the young ladies escaped unharmed.

THE K. C. will make a round trip race to Cincinnati of \$5,150, beginning on the 7th and ending on the 12th, tickets good till the 15th, for all who wish to attend the great Booth and Barrett performances.

FINE PORTRAITS.—In the windows of Messrs. Stockton & Willis, druggists, on Main street, are to be seen three life-size portraits in pastel of Mr. W. M. Lackey, wife and son, of Stanford. The work was done by Mr. L. Schlegel, of this place. [Richmond Clinch. Mr. Schlegel will have them on exhibition at his gallery here next Tuesday, 8th, and parties interested in large work will please call and examine.]

CIRCUIT COURT.—The motion for a new trial, made by the lawyers in the case against Feland, was overruled and the case will go to the Court of Appeals. Alfred Mullins, for attempting to rape Mrs. Giza, was acquitted Tuesday. When he was tried two years ago for the same offense the jury stood eight for acquittal and four for two to four years in the penitentiary.

THE case of Miss Belle Hughes against Dr. J. G. Carpenter for alleged malpractice in which she asks for \$10,000 damages, was called Wednesday afternoon, when seven jurors were obtained before adjournment. This case was tried at the spring term, 1885, of this court, when after four days and a night were consumed in the testimony and speeches, the jury failed to agree. The panel was completed yesterday morning and at 11 o'clock Robert Harding stated the case for Miss Hughes. The jury is as follows: Monroe Curtis, Thomas House, Thomas Vannoy, C. M. Jones, Leroy Garner, R. C. Brewster, John Bingham, William Curtis, J. L. Murphy, B. F. Givens, W. H. Wright, G. B. Barnett. The counsel for the plaintiff are Messrs. Jacobs, Harding and Breckinridge, and for the defendant Weldon & Saulley, Bradley, Paxton and Carpenter. It has been suggested that as matters of an indelicate nature will be investigated that the ladies will find it more pleasant not to attend the trial. Their presence hampers the lawyers and retards the business of the court. Of course the ladies are at liberty to do as they please and we merely throw out this hint.

Nearly the whole of the evening was consumed in the examination of Miss Hughes, who sat in an invalid's chair and stood the trying ordeal remarkably well.

The case of Wright against the Cincinnati Southern is still with the jury, which seems to be badly hung.

The grand jury is still indicting them.

Most desirable variety of canned goods at T. R. Walton's.

Did you see the crowds at Powers' Great Bargain Store all last week?

W. A. ADAMS has been appointed postmaster at Greenwood, Putnam county, and Bazzard, Whitley county, has been discontinued.

THE New York Aquarium Car, with a lot of animals, monkeys, birds and turtles was here yesterday and took in many a dime from the curious.

THE workmen are getting the creamery building in shape for the plating mill, which, Mr. A. C. Stone tells us, will be in operation within two weeks.

THE shop of H. C. Johnson was entered by the window Wednesday night and robbed of new and old boots and shoes to the value of \$40 or more. He thinks that he has a clue to the thief.

SILAS EMBURY, the little negro who robbed the postoffice, was taken to the Louisville jail Wednesday night by a U. S. marshal. His examining trial will occur tomorrow. If it were lawful it would be much better if he could be thrashed within an inch of his life and permitted to go and sin no more.

THOSE who think we are getting out our paper on a hand press since we shipped our old cylinder and the new one has not arrived, are greatly mistaken. It would be nearly impossible for us to work off our editions in this primitive mode, even if we had such a machine. A smaller size steam press, which we always keep on hand to use in case of accident, does our work now, a little slower, but we get there all the same.

FIRE.—A little before noon yesterday the roof of Mr. Jim El Brice's residence on Lancaster street was discovered to be on fire and the alarm being sounded half of the people in town were soon there working like beavers to save the furniture and the adjoining property. Nearly everything of value was gotten out in the usual rough manner, and it being evident that the house could not be saved, no effort was made in that direction. Fortunately the wind was low and blowing from the west so that no other property was much endangered, though a stream of water was kept constantly against the Watts building and the dwellings of Dr. Hucker kept secure with wet blankets and carpets. The fire, which started from the stove, upon which dinner was being cooked and even the stove, but as it was removed with its smoking victims by the determined men. Burning from the top the destruction was very slow and there was plenty of time for effective work. Mr. Brice was on his farm and did not arrive till after all was over. He tells us that he had but \$500 insurance on the house, in the Elms, \$300 on his smoke-house, which was not burned but torn down, and \$300 on his furniture. Both of the latter policies are on the Union, of Philadelphia. The house was built 50 or 60 years ago and was quite antiquated, but it cannot now be replaced for the insurance upon it. Mr. Harrison Hucker tells us that about 65 years ago, when a tavern stood on the same corner, the proprietor, Mr. Shuckley, was burned to death, having been caught by the flames when he went in to seek his little child, whom he supposed was within, but who had gotten out unnoticed. Mr. and Mrs. Brice will reside with Mr. Mack Bruce till they can make other arrangements.

MARRIAGES.

WOODSON-CROW.—At the residence of Mr. O. J. Crow, at 1 o'clock Wednesday, Eld. W. L. Williams united in marriage Mr. Matthew Woodson and Miss Anna Crow. The attendants were Mr. Jack Fraser, of Louisville, and Miss Alma Hayes, Capt. J. B. Hubbs and Miss Mattie Crow. Immediately after the ceremony the party drove to Stanford, where Mr. and Mrs. Woodson took the train to Louisville to spend a visit to his parents in Hart county. The groom is a train dispatcher on the Knoxville Division of the L. & N. and is held in high esteem by the officials of the road, as well as by his community in which he has made his home for several years. The bride is a highly accomplished young lady of winning manners and in her neatly fitting, tailor-made suit of gray broad cloth she looked, as she always does, very lovely. THE INTERIOR JOURNAL extends to them its sincerest congratulations and good wishes.

MR. I. G. TANNER, of near Nashville, Tenn., and Miss Thersy, daughter of Col. R. F. Bobb, were married at his residence at McKinney, Wednesday, by Rev. A. S. Moffatt. Mr. E. J. Fanner and Miss Maggie Bobb, V. M. Tanner and Miss Nettie Walker were the attendants. About an hour before the marriage an elegant lunch was served and the ceremony occurred just in time for the couple to take the train for their home in Tennessee. Mr. Tanner is a nephew of our Mr. K. L. Tanner and is a worthy and wealthy farmer. His bride is a very excellent and handsome young lady and their legions of friends unite in wishing them long life and happiness.

THE charming Miss Bettie G. Hurt, who taught art at the College here last session, will be married at her home in Marion, Ga., to Mr. W. F. Molton, of Birmingham, next Tuesday.

—Mr. Roger Williams and Miss Minnie, daughter of banker Sayre, were married in Lexington, Tuesday.

—L. D. Finch and Miss Sarah Wilson were married yesterday. They are 18 and 19 years of age respectively.

—Mr. Thomas Chappell, of the East End, a widow, and Mrs. Mable Singleton, a pretty young widow, were married Wednesday.

RELIGIOUS.

—At Carlisle Christian church, the meeting of two weeks' and two days' duration closed night before last with 57 additions, Elder A. P. Cobb, of Decatur, Ill., doing the preaching. —Paris Centurion.

—Rev. J. B. Jones has moved to Paris and taken charge of the Baptist church there.

—The contributions to the Moody Tabernacle fund in Louisville up to date amount to \$1,155.

—Revs. R. D. Mauney and A. C. Graves will begin a protracted meeting at Millersburg on the 8th.

—The Presbyterian Synod of Kentucky having determined to raise \$100,000 as a memorial fund for Central University, Mr. A. J. Alexander, of Woodburn Stock Farm, in Woodford county, has agreed to give \$5,000 if \$25,000 be raised, or \$10,000 if \$100,000 is secured.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

—D. M. Cross sold to Col. J. M. Cowan 5 mule colts for \$250.

—R. E. & E. P. Woods sold to Gen. Brox, of Lexington, a fine mule for \$175.

—FOR SALE.—One car load of extra fat mules, 15½ heads high. J. Alex. Doty, Point Leavelle, Garrard county.

—A T. Nunnally bought of John McAlister 25 fat hogs at 4 cents; of John Miller 15 and of Joe Paxton 25 of same kind at same price.

—J. Embury, of Madison, bought of James Dandridge a bunch of 1,150 pound feeders at 3½ and of same bunch of 1,000 pound cattle at 3 cents.

—A. G. Colley bought of Jacob Smith 103 acres of land near Turnersville at \$44.50 and sold to James T. Martin 18 acres near it for \$750 and 11 acres to W. S. Warren for \$250.

—Dwyer Bros. won \$84.21 63¢ with their great Standard racer, Hanover, this season. He won 24 races.

—Cattle are slow and dull in Louisville at 1½ to 4; hogs are firm and sell readily at 3 to 4.50; sheep are slow at 1 to 1½.

—Squire John Anderson, who has decided to move to Texas, will sell his stock and other personalty on the 15th.

—Wassell, Moreland & Co., of Danville, delivered to Israel Harlan, this week, 25 head of 1,450 pound cattle at 4½ and 50 head of W. Lee, of 1,200 pounds weight, at 4½.

—Smith & Anderson bought 1,500 bushels of wheat yesterday at 12 cents. W. H. Prentiss shipped a carload of hogs to Cincinnati yesterday which cost 4 cents a pound. —Danville Advertiser.

LONDON, LAUREL COUNTY.

—Daddy Uncle Jeems' do the so and dance and nicely, though?

—Twenty-one applicants for pensions were before the board of medical advisers Wednesday.

—Evel & Smith have remodeled one room of the old clerk's office and occupy it as a law office.

—S. M. in Reno has completed a nice frame cottage on the Pittsburg road, one half mile from London.

—W. H. Jackson & Co., manufacturers and vendors of Dr. Huxley's patent medicines, did an enormous business the past season and will put up a large laboratory and manufacturing plant their remedies in all the Southern States.

—A very strange and peculiar bird was captured near Affancton last week. It was as large as a large hen and would fly, uttering its voice in a hoarse, guttural sound, like a crow, but it was not a crow. It was a stuffed bird, which it will be placed in Owens' natural history collection.

—Five B. ever refused to pardon. Chess Tucker, who was sentenced for seven years at our last term of circuit court for the murder of George Nelson at East Bernstad, a late petition was presented in Tucker's behalf, but the governor said he would do nothing when the jury's decision was affirmed by another court.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

—W. J. Lloyd sold his house and lot on Richmond street to S. M. Peacock for \$800.

—J. A. Hammond, of this place, is the boss produce man. He keeps the R. & O. Express busy handling his stuff.

—Hunters never quit war, but rabbits plentiful. There are plenty of English sparrows around town however.

—Jacob Joseph is off for Cincinnati to buy more new goods. The dry goods people seem to be doing a big business in Lancaster this fall.

—James Blank, of this county, has bought out a butcher shop in Danville and will run it for all their benefit. Jim is a hustler and gets there every time.

—Mrs. H. C. Herring, O. P. H. and J. B. Kincaid removed an ovarian tumor from a lady in Madison county last Saturday, weighing 50 lbs. At last reports the patient was doing well.

—I am glad to say that Mr. E. Warren's illness will remain with us next year. He and Fannie Williams will be in charge of Hamlet Brown at the farm of M. H. Gill, where they were kept last year.

—The publication day of the News has been changed from Thursday to Friday. This will enable the live correspondents of our city to scoop everything in the way of news in advance of Bro. Hughes.

—Prof. J. M. Harrison left on Thursday for Washington, where he takes a place in the treasury. He is succeeded in his school by Prof. R. W. Perryville. Miss Jennie Faulkner is still first teacher.

—Capt. T. A. Elkins's Arthur Sims has come home from his training. W. A. Russell, of Danville, Mr. Russell writes that he is satisfied he has ridden behind him at a thirty gait and was just preparing him for a trial of speed when he went a little lame. Mr. Russell has a fine opinion of the horse. He is a good one and no mistake.

—It is rumored that H. A. B. Marksbury, E. W. Harris, G. S. Greenleaf and D. M. Lackey will shortly emigrate to Alaska. They will probably locate at Kaviagagamut, in the northern part of that country where the seal fishing is fine and plentiful. Mr. Marksbury is rather in favor of Sigatoka, on the Arctic coast, as he thinks a man could do well there in the coal business.

—The coal famine I predicted is upon us. Many of our citizens have had to go to bed to keep warm. It is too bad, but it seems we can't help ourselves.

—A little girl of Lucy Collier's, a colored woman living in that house known as the Ark, in Logansport, was burned to death on Monday. The child was alone and its dress caught fire, causing its death instantly.

NEWSY NOTES.

—John W. George, a retired Lexington banker, is dead.

—There have been 25 cases of yellow fever and 34 deaths at Tampa, Fla.

—Hon. Keene Pinhard, an eminent lawyer and politician, died at his home in Catlettsburg.

—W. H. Ballard, Jr., a lawyer, formerly of Shelbyville, Ky., dropped dead at Hutchison, Kan.

—William Madafon confessed at Waterloo, Ia., that he smothered Christian Home with the bed clothes while they slept together.

—Ex-Congressman Gibson Atherton, of Ohio, became suddenly insane while arguing a case in court at Newark, that State, Friday.

—Somebody poisoned the supper given at a dance at Delhi, Ia., and of those who partook, 7 died at once and 20 came near doing so.

—A crazy Cincinnati man threw her baby out of a third-story window and then leaped after it. She was killed instantly, but the child will live.

—The receipts of the government for October amounted to \$41,847,172 and the expenditures to \$42,474,654. The decrease of the public debt for October is \$16,933,005.

—The town of Landon, Mo., containing about 800 inhabitants, was newly destroyed by fire Tuesday, all the business part and a dozen residences being consumed.

—They are pretty unanimous for the Carolina Knoxville & Western railroad at Knoxville. The proposition to subscribe \$100,000 to it only disclosed 14 opposing votes.

—An explosion occurred at the packing houses of the Atlantic Dynamite Works at McCallsville, N. J., by which four workmen were killed and seven others wounded.

—Evan Shelby, charged with the horrible murder and robbery of Mr. Moore, in Ballard county, was held without bail and spirited off to another county to keep a mob from giving him his death.

—Fifty vessels are reported to be ashore at Norfolk, Va., caused by a severe storm which visited that section on Sunday and Monday last. Many of them are total wrecks.

—The Farm & Alliance in T. has adopted a resolution that its members will buy no more cotton till the price is reduced to 12½ cents per pound and call on all their organizations to help them in their fight against monopoly.

—Eugene Ashton, of Flemingsburg, died suddenly in Philadelphia. He had spent sometime in Washington and New York and become quite a society man and was going to be an actor. There are strong evidences that he suicided.

—By the explosion of gasoline in a tenement house in St. Louis, occupied by three families, 17 persons were killed by the falling walls or burned to death by the fire that ensued. Miss Hattie Bryant, of Columbus, Ky., on a visit there, escaped, after a terrible suffering.

—Chauncey Dewey has been talking about Cleveland's luck, and suggests that, if Frankie should present her husband with a son and heir, the lady's photograph would be a campaign picture, like and caps would be decorated transparencies and nothing syrup would become the democratic beverage.

—Alfred Stone, a Chicago seaman, is the only survivor of the propeller Vermon, lost on Lake Michigan last Friday night. After remaining for 60 hours on a raft, exposed to a bitter cold wind and without food, Stone was rescued by a schooner. Pomeroy, so cold and weak as to be almost helpless.

—A water famine prevails in Christian county. But little rain has fallen there since the first of May and the springs, rivers, streams and wells are all dried up. The people are becoming uneasy. Families are compelled to send their washing to Nashville and Louisville laundries. Several families who had water indispensable for their purposes send miles for it. In addition to this, it is a prostration county, so there is absolutely nothing to drink.

CRAB ORCHARD, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Mrs. Mollie Scott has bought a lot in Lexington and last Tuesday had Lt. Scott's remains removed there. She is taking of moving to that city to live.

—Mrs. Dr. Doermeit with quite a painful accident recently. As she was walking across the back porch her foot slipped through an opening in the floor, bruising one of her limbs so severely that she can scarcely walk at all.

—Dr. Pettus has presented a piano to his daughters, Misses Ida and Maud. Mr. Joe Melvin has moved to Mr. John Slavin's house over the depot, which was vacated by Mrs. C. C. Green. Mrs. S. F. H. Tarrant, who went to Birmingham on a visit several weeks ago, will not return here, as she has opened a boarding-house at that place.

—The protracted meeting which is being conducted at the Christian church by Rev. J. O. Montgomery is increasing in interest, though no confessions yet. Mr. Montgomery, who is liked by all denominations, is a zealous, earnest advocate for the cause of Christ and preaches the truth in a plain, straightforward, earnest manner. Large congregations greet him at night, but the morning services are not so largely attended. The meeting will continue until Sunday, and perhaps longer.

—Misses Bettie Perrin, Jennie and Lizzie Hurt and Mrs. D. S. Perrin, all of Garrard, are visiting Mrs. Harrison Thurman. Miss Helen Chestnut, of Kingston, is the guest of Miss Julia King. Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Williams, of Mt. Vernon, have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Kennedy. Mr. Will Brooks has gone to Kirksville to attend school. Miss Lena Carter of Rowland, is visiting Miss Maggie Davis. Mr. George Carson has returned to Missouri after a lengthy visit to his old home. Mr. John S. Edmiston has gone to Birmingham, Ala. Mrs. C. C. Green, Mrs. Atchinson and Miss Mary Green leave this week for Texas, where Rev. C. C. Green has been for some time. The good wishes of many warm friends here go with them to their new home. Mrs. Bettie Buchanan is quite sick too.

BRODHEAD, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY

—The Women's Christian Aid Society will give a lunch supper this Friday evening, at Brodhead Academy.

—Mr. J. G. Frith is erecting a handsome dwelling on Railroad street, opposite the saw mill. Martin & Perkins are building a new store-room on the corner of same street and College avenue.

—Mrs. Nannie Jarrett is visiting in West Virginia. News of the death of a little daughter of Mr. Dock Owens has just reached us. The funeral of little Ethel Simpson was preached at the Christian church on the 30th ult.

—Revs. Shafter and Owens are holding a protracted meeting at the Christian church. They at present have 10 additions and the interest is still increasing. A protracted meeting will begin at the Baptist church next Sunday, under the management of the Rev. Pike, who is quite a successful revivalist.

MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—The agency and telegraph office at Pine Hill has been closed.

—Gran Price is telling his friends of a fine four-day-old boy at his house.

—J. W. Kirby, who has been running the bark business at Livingston since last spring, has moved his store to his home on Skages Creek.

—The Baptists are holding a protracted meeting at this place after the Christian and Methodist closed their series of revivals.

—It is a noticeable fact in many instances that those who are absent financially to take the papers are the last to subscribe and the first to borrow.

—Frank Richmond, charged with larceny, was discharged at his trial at Wildie, Saturday, for lack of prosecution, no witness appearing against him.

—Two young men at the Wildie quarry got into a scuffle Tuesday evening, when a pistol dropped from the pocket of one and fired, shooting the other through the knee.

—The branches and creeks in portions of our county are rising and running, yet there have been no rains to cause it. The most venerable resident can not account for it.

—Writs have been issued for the arrest of five or six persons who lured him into and disturbed public worship at Flat Rock church on Brush Creek. Two have been apprehended.

—That eagle that Maud Mullins was reported to be in possession of, measuring ten feet from tip to tip, turned out to be an old gray heron named in honor of that glorious bird, the American emblem of liberty.

—Simon Denny, the Level Green centenarian, who is to give a big dinner on Nov. 24th, his birthday, walked over to his son Eliah's, Saturday, to attend an old-fashioned corn-shucking. He did a hand's work during the day and took his share of the old Kentucky dew-drop when passed his way.

—E. B. Smith, our efficient police judge and a rising young lawyer, has received the appointment on the recommendation of Hon. James B. McCrary of a mail agency run over the K. C. road from Cincinnati to Lexington at a salary of \$1,200 per year. Mr. S. left for Cincinnati Sunday night to take his run.

—J. K. McClary, for many years a shining legal light at this bar, has advertised his household effects, live stock, etc. for sale on Nov. 12, with the intention of getting to a warmer climate. He has been sorely afflicted with rheumatism for the last three years and cannot longer stand the rigors of Kentucky winters.

—The railroad company has lately added a number of large, new coal cars of 60,000 lbs. capacity. This is rather a big increase in the hauling capacity of cars since 1872 when 16,000 pounds was considered a car-load and when one was loaded heavier the excess weight was charged up at double first-class rates. "The world do move" and so do the cars.

—At 9 o'clock Wednesday night an alarm from the court-house bell called our citizens to the east end of town where James Frazer's small, vacant, store-house was discovered to be on fire. It was soon extinguished. Coal oil had been thrown against the back end of the house and fired. After the escape of 30 minutes and the excitement had subsided a second alarm was given and a second blaze was discovered at his dwelling house. One end of the building had been dashed with coal oil and fired. But a short time was required to subdue the flames. No suspicion as to whom the incendiary is.

—C. W. Adams left for Kansas City Monday on a visit. Before leaving he showed his usual good judgment by ordering the L. J. sent to his address. F. H. Repper, special pension examiner, and wife, of Cincinnati, are visiting relatives in this county.

SONNET.

Love makes the solid ground musical;
All melted in the marvel of its breath;
Life's level facts attain a lyric swell,
And liquid birds leap up from rocky depths,
Watching the world with wonder. Thus, today,
Watching the crowding people in the street,
I thought the ebbs and the flowing tides
Moved to a delicate sense of rhythm slow;
And that I heard the yearning faces say:
"Soul, sing me this new song!" The autumn
leaves
Throbbled subtly to an immortal tune;
And when a warm shower wet the roofs at noon,
Soft melodies stole down from the eaves,
Dying delicious in a mystic swoon.
—Richard Realf.

A NOBLE VICTORY.

The waves leapt on the shore of the North
sea. A sharp wind from the north sweeps
over its surface, driving the waves high be-
fore it. On their crests rises and sinks the
white foam. How the water surges forward,
as if it would rush far into the land. But
again and again it retreats from the white
sand, only to return in haste the next morn-
ing.

On the shore lies stretched out the village of
Husum. Every little house stands by itself,
often separated from its neighbor by a wide
space of perhaps fifty feet, which is generally
made into a garden, in which a few feeble
plants draw a scanty nourishment from the
ground. With no less difficulty do the inhab-
itants of Husum manage to get their living.
They are all fishermen, and the sea is their
real home, on which they go out for miles to
catch their fish. When the sun shines on a
smooth surface it is an exhilarating occupa-
tion, but when a sudden storm springs up
while the boats are far from land and a fog
settles down upon the water like a broad,
heavy mantle, then one understands how hard
are the conditions and the perpetual danger
attending the labor by which these men earn
their bread.

These men and most of the boats
have pulled in to land. Two men are still
working to save their property in the same
way. They are both young, large, vigorous
men, with sun-burned faces and tanned hard-
ened hands.

At last their boats too rest on the shore
firmly secured. One of the men, straightening up and buttoning his short
jacket, "this will be a fierce blow to-night."

The other nodded. "It is lucky that none
of us are out."

Meanwhile they have started homeward,
and stride along together in silence. The
only street of the village is quiet. It is dark,
here and there a faint light gleaming from a
little window.

They are passing a small house, and, almost
as if by a secret agreement, they approach
and glance through the lighted window to
the inside. An old man with white hair and
beard sits in a large arm chair, his head lean-
ing forward on his breast—a picture of the
life that is sinking to rest. At the table, on the
opposite side, sits, in bright contrast, a young
girl, sewing—a fresh, lively face, with round,
rose cheeks and luxuriant fair hair. Kate
Mason is the prettiest girl in the village, and
the most industrious, on whom many a young
fellow looks with earnest glance. Early and
late she is busy, supporting herself and her
aged father by her own hands.

The letters at the window have turned
red and gone on. At last Lars said:
"Good night, Christoph."

"Good night, Christoph," and he turned
toward his home. He had heard the reply
to his greeting, and now waited and listened,
standing by the fence that enclosed his little
tract of ground. Christoph had not gone on,
but had turned back for what? Lars felt a
tingling. He too, hastened back. The
wind drives full in his face, but he does not
budge. Now he hears Christoph's steps before
him, but cannot see, for it is very dark.

There stands the little house where Kate
Mason lives. Christoph stands by the win-
dow. Lars sees him plainly in the light of
the lamp that falls full upon him. He hears
a tap on the window, and now Christoph has
his hand on the door, and it opens before
him.

"Then, Christoph? What brings thee so
late?" asked Kate, holding on to the door,
which the storm was shaking.

"I was passing and saw thee sitting, so I
stopped to tell thee sleep well."

"Then dear?" she said, putting out her
hand.

The wind scolded the door thus set free, and
flung it wide open against the wall. But
Christoph, using all his strength, drew
the girl into the hall and closed the door.
Lars grew hot under his rosy cheeks, but an
instant of the lightning wind. He stepped close
to the door and heard speaking within, but
could not distinguish anything. He waited,
his heart filled with the pangs of jealousy.
How long he stood he knew not; it seemed an
eternity to him. At last the door opened and
Christoph stepped out. "Sleep well, dear girl,"
he whispered. "Goodnight, dear Christoph."

The key was turned in the lock. Christoph
went home, the joy of love required in his
heart. The storm, too, turned homeward,
but a long time passed before he reached the
little house.

They had grown up together—Lars, Chris-
toph and Kate. Two three had played to-
gether continually as children, and Kate
would be carried by no others or drawn on
the sled by none but Lars or Christoph.
When they grew larger they went to school
together and were confirmed together in the
little church of the neighboring village. No
strife had ever come between them, never
had the girl shown whether she had pre-
ferred one of the boys to the other. As these
developed into strong men, Kate blossomed
into still greater beauty, as was apparent
to every young man of the village, and
Rob Steffensen ventured to intimate as much,
in a rough fashion, to the girl. The following
day his place in the boat was empty; he was
sick, his father said—the truth was, Rob
would not show his discolored face. From
that time the young fellows held themselves
aloof from Kate Mason. But between Lars
and Christoph the old intimacy began gradu-
ally to diminish. They went with Kate to
her first dance. Who should be her first
partner? They disputed long, but out of the
girl's hearing, and at last, when heated
faces, appealed to her to choose between
them. Kate looked at them, and for the
first time felt a misgiving that if she chose
one the other would be deeply hurt. So she
said: "It makes no difference to me which I
dance with first, but if it is of so much ac-
count to you draw cuts." They did so, and
Christoph was the lucky one. While they
were setting the matter Kate looked on with
apparent indifference, but her heart beat fast
under her bodice, and when it was decided
she almost unconsciously smiled with evident
pleasure. Lars saw it, and from that day
jealousy began to take root deeper and deeper
in his heart, and there was no lack of occa-
sion to develop it. Margrit Hermensen,
Kate's best friend, went to the altar to plight
her faith. Kate was chosen to carry the
venniti, accompanied by Christoph. When
Lars heard of it he opposed it vehemently.

Both young men grew violent, and only
Kate's presence of mind in departing she did
not wish to go to the wedding prevented per-
haps the very worst outbreak of Lars' pas-
sionate storm of anger. After that the two
avoided each other as much as possible, but
sought to see each other. Each knew that the
other loved the girl, and both felt secretly

conscious to whom Kate's heart inclined.
Christoph, the calmer and more self-possessed,
felt a silent, blissful happiness taking pos-
session of his heart when the girl looked at him
with her blue eyes so sweetly and kindly.
Lars, more vehement, believed was always so
Kate loved him, her manner was always so
cordial. But, again, when he saw her with
Christoph, a voice within told him that he was
not the favored one, and he suffered bitter
torment. So it had gone on till the evening
when the young fishermen returned together
from the shore. Christoph's heart beat fast at
the quiet, peaceful scene in old Mason's cot-
tage, and it drew him back with irresistible
power to leave a greeting to the beloved one.
But after he had entered the hall, in his effort
to close the door, so violently flung open by
the storm, he suddenly became conscious of
Kate in his arms. And while it raged and
stormed without he kissed her, and in wild
happiness he whispered: "Kate, do you love
me?" She did not answer, but her lips pressed
his.

The next morning Lars stood on the shore
menacing his boat, when Rob Steffensen came.
"You are early, though you came home
late. Were you with your sweetheart?"

Lars looked at him, red with anger. He
struck the wood with his ax, and the chips
fell far around.

"Hollo!" continued the other, "you did not
have good luck, it seems."

"Keep still!" cried Lars. "What is it to
you whether I have good luck or not?"

Rob Steffensen stepped nearer. "You are un-
just to me," he said. "A big fellow like you
should not take it so mockly. Christoph has
plainly taken the fish away from you."

Lars made no answer, but his hand clasped
the ax convulsively. "You and I have no
love for Christoph," continued Rob, "let us
fight together against him," and he held out
his hand.

"I want nothing to do with you," replied
Lars, and turned away, resuming his work.

Rob Steffensen laughed scornfully, and went
away, but the thing that his words contained
remained in Lars' breast. When the other
was out of sight he flung down his ax, and
went back to the village. Slowly, with down-
cast head, he walked. Before the house of
old Mason he passed, then with a sudden
resolution he entered. But, as he found he
could not go in, he turned back and stood
in the doorway—in the room stood
Kate, tearfully embraced by Christoph. A
pale light shone from a moment, then
Christoph stepped toward Lars, put out his
hand, and said: "Kate is my betrothed
sister. She has loved me since she was a
child."

He did not answer, only a bitter smile quiv-
ered on his lips. It was excessively painful
to the girl. She felt what a blow she had
given him, though blameless herself. She
longed to say something to him, but could
not find the right word. So she only looked
at him, and without speaking held out her
hand to him, but he turned away and left the
house.

Toward noon the shore was alive with men.
The sea played in the sunshine again, the
waves played gently, and a soft wind was
blowing. The day was favorable for a large
haul. All the fishermen of the village were
gathered together, the nets and oars were
put into the boats, the sails spread wide, and
the little fleet sailed far out into the broad,
beautiful sea. Kate stood on the shore,
wishing to go with them, but she was alone,
and she was right. She had much to do
at home. After she had seen to her old
father, who sat quietly in his chair, and
smoked a short pipe, she went about her work.
How it flew under her hands today, though
frequently she stopped, gazing down
lost in sweet dreams. Then she worked so
much the faster again. So hour after hour
flowed by unheeded. At last the day's work
was ended and Kate went to the door. But
the weather had changed, the sun had dis-
appeared behind thick clouds and the sky hung
in gray folds over the sea. The fishermen
also had finished their work. The rich booty
lay in the boats, promising a fine reward for
their hard labor. But in the east it was black
and threatening. They must reach home be-
fore the storm came on. The little sails
spread out, the ships flew over the water,
carrying the foam to break over the deep dip-
ping dunes. Then came the first blow strong
against the sails; the loaded boats threatened
to upset. The men were forced to take in
sails and trust wholly to the oars. It grew
dark, and the sea lifted itself restlessly into
huge, far rolling waves. Then the storm
broke loose with wild force; it howled and
lashed the sea till it reared in short, foam-
capped waves. The men rowed with all their
might, the shore could not be far away,
though it was not visible in the darkness.
Ahead of all the others shot Christoph's boat,
close behind him was Lars'. It seemed as if
the two were running a race for the safety of
the shore. A wave seized Christoph's boat,
lifted it high and flung it with its broad sail
against the end of Lars' vessel, breaking it in.
Lars sat in sinking before him. A thought
shot through his heart, frightful and vivid:
Did the waves bury Christoph and Kate in a
moment? But the thought was gone in a mo-
ment; in the next he had leaped far out,
grasped the constant friend of his youth, and
struggling with death. But he lost his own
balance, sitting on the extreme edge. He
flung out his hand to catch hold of something,
but found nothing, and plunged headlong. A
huge wave seized the boat, threw it far from
the place, and in the roaring of the waves a
last, despairing cry was lost.

At last the fishermen had painfully reached
the shore. Women and old men full of an-
guish stood waiting the returning ones.

"Kate!" cried a voice from the darkness,
and the girl felt herself embraced by two
arms.

"Christoph! thank heaven that you are
here!"

She led him to her house. He was silent
all the way, only holding her fast. She, too,
hardly spoke. When they reached the house,
she noticed for the first time that his clothes
were saturated, and asked the reason. Then
his mouth quivered with repressed pain,
while he answered:

"Kate, the storm destroyed my boat.
I was not far from the shore, but I
suddenly fell into the sea and—"

"What?" she asked, breathlessly.

"I could not save him," he said, almost in
sobs.

After a few days the sea washed the body
of Lars ashore. It was the only sacrifice it
had demanded that day. Lars had no pa-
rents living, but even parents could not have
shed more burning tears than Kate and
Christoph when Lars was buried in the little
churchyard. The thought of him, the con-
sciousness that his sacrifice had secured their
happiness never left them.

Long after Kate went to the altar with
Christoph, and when they came from the
church their first steps were directed to the
grave of Lars.—Translated from the German
by L. V. Star.

The Universal Custom.

The only custom which seems to be uni-
versal, according to a gentleman who has
just commenced a trip around the world, is
the use of tobacco. In many places he saw
the weed used by women as much as by men.

Everybody found smoking on the streets of
Bangkok, Siam, during the dry spell was
able to be arrested under the orders of the
village council.

ON CITY SIDEWALKS.

PEOPLE WHO THRIVE AS MER-
CHANTS OF THE PAVE.

Some of the Thousand and One Indus-
tries that Depend on the Whims and
Caprices of Passers By—A Varied
List.

Let any one who walks through the city
streets for pleasure and profit take note of
what he sees and hears in the way of open air
trading, and he will be amazed at how much
ingenuity and industry is exhibited by those
who depend upon the caprice of the passers
by.

Here is a miniature stove, a perfect infant
of cooking stove, shining like black marble.
It exhibits the application of stove polish,
and many housekeepers, charmed by its
brilliance, invest in a pocket in the hope of
producing a like result. Elbow grease is, how-
ever, a necessary addition to this or any other
polish ever invented.

Gladioli and roses! These are the floral
stock of this dark faced, reposeful woman,
who is eternally tugging up pinks and gilly-
flowers, and selling them in the hope of
producing a like result. Elbow grease is, how-
ever, a necessary addition to this or any other
polish ever invented.

Here is an old woman who has at last
sight, a touching, sympathetic interest about
her. She is weary with age and indignities,
and as she reclines rather than sits upon her
staff in the chair, a humane storekeeper has
provided her with a basket to hold her goods.
She has a basket containing odds and ends
which nobody buys. For a long time she
has frequented the same spot, set in the same
attitude and elicited the same sympathy.

Her history, even if not colorful, would not
fail to be instructive. When the darkness of
night falls upon the street another old woman,
but a very small old woman, nestles
within a dark doorway into a perfect ball of
sad mottled, and begins to grind away at
that saddest of all modern mechanisms, an
organette. As the whizzing, rattling strains
awake the echoes of the street night strangers
are prompted to peer into the darkness to dis-
cover the source of the sad sounds, and tender
sympathy and a little coin are the result.

That old woman were to take to-morrow
another old woman would take her place, and
so on till the crack of dawn.

"THE OLD FATHER."

"Every body has their own peculiarities" is decidedly
attractive to the fair sex, for if the plumber
is decorated by one sex more than another
(which is open to doubt) lovely women hate
him with a fervid hate. Here, however, is
the good who shall exorcise the fiend. All
he uses is a stick of soft, very soft, solder
which is five cents and a tallow candle. With
these two simple elements he fills up holes in
a tin plate, and when they are all fitted up he
makes new ones, and then advises you to buy
his solder and go and do the same.

Spunges of all sizes and of all qualities,
from five to ten cents each. There they hang
in series of rows of diminishing size and ap-
pealingly clean. They are, indeed, too clean,
because they suggest the free use of muriatic
acid as an adjunct to their purity. If acids
are admissible the question arises
"Why?" Then arise other questions about
what they were before they were bleached,
and the mind is filled with unbidden fears
that they have been used before.

Here is the shoe lace seller. With dread-
ful monotonous he swings to and fro that long
line of laces. Around his neck, over his
arms, in both hands are laces—laces every-
where and of all kinds. A little removed
from him is the stand for glass and china
ware. A good deal of it is flawed, chipped
and broken, and no small quantity has been
ingeniously jammed together. Color seems to
be the principal object of attraction, for these
collections are bewildering in their brilliancy
of hues, and many of them are of elegant
form. They are doubtless ends of stocks and
couples of goods that have gone out of
fashion at Madison avenue prior to being
piled out on to the sidewalk.

"TALLOW" AND PINWHEEL.

The Indian man and the pinwheel man
delight their children. They make really a
pretty show as they march along with their
wares high in the air, and at holiday seasons
they do a roaring trade. The ship that
gently sways upon the leaving billow in
front of the roasting windmill, and before
the train of never ceasing cars, is one to
attract a little crowd of big grown up
people, who usually condone for their child-
ren's curiosity by slipping a nickel into the
tin slipper of the exhibitor. Grapes are
everywhere just now. They are ingeniously
market "three cents" very large, "half" very
small and "five" very large, but without that
writhing track they are cheap enough. If ten
pounds are sufficient to produce children
sympathy they can be obtained for twenty
five cents, look at all. Scavengers of New
York a yard long for ten cents is not dear,
neither are the souvenirs of the Bartholomew
stomach for half that money. A fine glass
of butter-milk for three cents and ordinary milk
for five cents are cheap enough, and they can
be had from a clean, well appointed cart close
to the curb. Then there is the squeaking
chicken. As Artemus Ward says, "He's an
amusing case," the more you squeeze him the
more he squeaks.

Every well regulated person should possess
a mouth harmonium, a package of pencils, a
packet of needles, a five cent nickel watch,
a few penholders, a comb or two, a set of shoe
brushes, some certified detergent cleaning
soap, strong enough to remove stains even
from chloroform, a little rubber feet capable
of being squeezed into any shoe, a jangling
donkey and some peanuts! All these to be
bought from vendors who stand upon the
curb.—New York Sun.

Turtle Liver Oil in Consumption.

At the Colonial and Indian exhibition the
liver oil was shown among the novel medi-
cal commodities, together with several prepa-
rations of that famous reptile presumably
valuable for invalid diet, and in particular
turtles, the latter consisting entirely of
yolk. In their mature state the eggs have a
tough skin and contain a white albumen
which does not become opaque when the eggs
are boiled; to obtain the eggs without the
albumen the plan is resorted to, it appears,
of extracting them from the interior of the ani-
mal, in which state they are immature eggs are
about one inch in diameter, and, indepen-
dent of any special effect on the system, are con-
sidered a very valuable article of food. The
turtle liver oil is given in consumption in
stead of cod liver oil, and is said to be more
agreeable than the latter when fresh; the
dose commonly administered is a teaspoonful
three times a day.—Public Opinion.

The Queen of Sweden.

Painting and the reading of English re-
ligious literature are the chief occupations of
the queen of Sweden. In weather that per-
mits it she spends almost the whole day in a
sort of open tent, where she arrives at 10
o'clock in the morning, luncheon and dinner
remains until about 6 o'clock in the afternoon.
The tent is quite open on the side facing the
beautiful Malare lake.—New York Tribune.

BEFORE DEATH.

What use for the rope if it be not hung?
Till the swimmer's grasp to the rock has clung?
What use for the anchor's huge blast
When the vessel of life is about to part?
What need that the scurrying crowd roll
When the runner is safe beyond the goal?
What words are empty to a breathless breath
When whispered in ears that are hushed in
death?

Not so if you have but a word of cheer,
Break it, while I am alive to hear!
—Margaret J. Preston.

HOW CANYON JOE DIED.

My recollections of Canyon Joe recall a
unique character, whose brief career and
violent end are not recorded in the annals of
the great and growing west. He was an
excitable child of the east—but he grew to
manhood among the rough frontiersmen, and
the howl of the coyote, the shriek of the de-
structive blizzard, worse music to his ear.
His nature was gradually transformed to a
toughness that matched well the hardy calls
and the stunted characters. He was called
Canyon Joe because he was found in a canyon
by some trappers and adopted by me. He
had strayed from a wagon train on his way
to Utah and not back. At this time he was 14
years old, and possessed of an amount of
nerve, which by assiduous cultivation, de-
veloped his capacity to out a wide and crim-
inally in any community that gave him
the slightest provocation. When I met him
three months later after the war. I was
with a mining party prospecting in Arizona.
We were in the black but picturesque moun-
tains of the United States. Canyon Joe was
fifteen of us in the party, including a
half breed scout and several old miners,
who knew the country pretty well.

One evening we had struck our camp
on the mountain side, near a small stream,
and put out the usual pickets for Indians,
when we heard a commotion and very soon
the scout came walking in, leading a horse
that had a rider. The horseman was Canyon
Joe, and he seemed to be very happy to find
white men with plenty to eat and drink.

He had to Indian scalp, freshly taken, dan-
gling at the end of his belt, and he ex-
plained that he killed the redskins in an open
square fight. The miners present did not
credit this, and rather suspected that he
slipped upon them unawares. His face looked
as if it had been tanned for ages by a hot
sun and secured by dirt smeared from an alkali
plain. Although only medium sized he
seemed to possess a wiry frame and great
physical strength and endurance. His eyes
were small and a piercing black, set very
close together, and separated by the bridge of
a very thin aquiline nose. He asked permis-
sion to camp with us that night, and agreed
to act as guide for the party during the rest
of the trip. It was considered better to uti-
lize him than to have him at large—perhaps
starring up the Indians against us—so we
gave him a cordial reception. After supper
we went before a small fire in front of the tent
and passed the bottle. Canyon Joe drank
freely, and began to narrate some of his ex-
ploits. The half breed scout, a tall, athletic
man, sat or rather reclined on the ground
by the fire, opposite Joe. He kept his eyes
fastened on the latter and listened attentively.

Canyon Joe related the following adventure:
"It was during the '60's that I agreed to
act as scout for a party of nine men who
wanted to explore the country now known
as the Black Hills. These men were a tough
lot, some gamblers, some miners, and all
good on the shoot. I was barely 90 years old
and looked younger, so when I offered my
services as a scout they laughed at me and called
me a kid. But when they made inquiries
and learned that I had been nearly every-
where in the west and killed about as many
Indians as the rest of them they accepted my
services. If they had not I intended to seek
one or two to settle for calling me a kid. These
men somehow knew that plenty of gold was
in the Black Hills, and had a map that
showed a mine where they had been nearly
starved. We started up the Little Big Moun-
tain river in a large yawl boat, with plenty of
provisions and firearms. It was slow work
pulling up the river, but in ten days we had gone quite
a distance. We hadn't been bothered by Indians,
and I thought it mighty queer. It was
in the fall of the year and the weather was
fine. At night we tied our boat to the bank
and camped on the shore. We always took
precautions, though, against the Indians, for
fear of a surprise. Just about sunset one day
I got ashore as usual and walked up the bank
to select a place to camp, while the party
remained along in the boat. I had not gone far
when I heard a volley of firearms. I rushed
to the river and saw the boat a few hundred
yards away, but no one was pulling at the
cables. Every man in it was dead or dying. A
crowd of Indians on both sides of the river
were firing into the boat, and some were
swimming out to bring it to shore. The at-
tack was a complete surprise, and I have no
doubt that the valley I killed the Indians for
wanted revenge, but single handed I could
not attack them. Luckily I had my rifle and
ammunition with me or I would have starved
to death. I knew that I was far from any
settlement, and that if I escaped the Indians
I might meet death in some other form. I
crept swiftly from the river, aided by the ap-
proaching night, and had gone about half a
mile when a big Indian stood right up in front
of me. I was a surprise to him, and I know
he was to me, but I drove my hunting knife
into his breast so quick that he fumbled back
with a gasp. He was a strong Indian, but
belonging to the band who did the murdering
work at the river. For three days I kept up
a brisk pace, and managed to kill some game,
which I ate raw. Then fatigue began to tell
upon me.

"On the fourth day I trudged along weary
and despondent. I knew the Indians were
not giving chase, but I didn't know how soon
I might meet another band. I came to a
shallow stream and waded across. As I
started to climb the bank I was struck by the
apprehension of the fall. I scrambled about a
little and found that gold was plentiful. For
a while I forgot my fatigue and drove two
strikes down to indicate my claim. I slept
nearly to that night, and when I awoke the
sun was up, and two rough looking white
men, armed with rifles, were standing near
me. I tried to get up, but I felt back ex-
hausted. The men came forward and asked
me how I came there and what my business
was. I explained my escape from the In-
dians, and then they treated me better. They
picked me up and carried me to a small house
some little distance away. When they en-
tered the house an Indian woman, who
proved to be the wife of one of the men, as-
sisted them to put me on a few skins spread
upon the floor. A half breed girl, tall and
handsome, about 17 or 18 years old, the
daughter, was in the house and paid scarcely
any attention to my entrance. I was fever-
ish from hunger and wanted to gorge at
once, but they gave me food in small quanti-
ties. For two days I did not stir from the
house. In my delirium I must have talked
about the claim I had staked, for as soon
as I became lucid I noticed that a
strange had taken place in the people. I re-
solved to play delirious in order to dis-
cover their plans. I raved and talked incoherently
and finally cried out: 'I'll come back and
work my claim.'

Florence Washing Machine.

I have bought the right to sell the Florence
Washing Machine and am now prepared to furnish
all who wish to save their clothes from the
rubbing and tearing incident to the old process
of washing. Take one and try it and be convinced.
It will save you a bundle of soap and you are
fully satisfied as to its merits.

H. F. EIKIN,
Headquarters at S. S. Myers' store.

E. H. FOX,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
DENVER, KY.

Have moved to a new and elegant new building
opposite the post office and in better view than ever pre-
pare to accommodate the public with fine pictures
from Chicago, Kansas, Colorado, California, etc.
—Stanford, Ky.

Livery, Training, Feed.
—AND—
SALE STABLE!

Having moved the stable on Depot street, I am
prepared to train and break horses on reasonable
terms. Country drivers and trades invited.
—JOHN G. CARRUTHER,
—Stanford, Ky.

JACKSON HOUSE,
LONDON, KY.
F. B. RILEY, Proprietor.

Thoroughly Renovated and Refur-
nished throughout. First-class Food
and reasonable prices. Day and night
tables are met by polite Porters of this
popular house.

WILLIS HOUSE,
MAIN ST., LICHMOND, KY.

J. B. WILLIS, Proprietor.

For a good table
And clean and well furnished rooms, this house
has no superior. Food simple and substantial.
—Rates \$2.00 per day. 201-17

MILLINERY.

Am daily opening an elegant line of spring and
summer millinery, including all
The Latest Novelties of the Season.

Also notions, such as Handkerchiefs, Collars
and Cuffs, Bonnets, Corsets, Bustles, etc. You
will find all the latest styles and the best
of work done here at the lowest prices.
—KATE PENDER,
—162-2m

NOTICE.

To the Citizen of Lincoln County:

Having recently acquired a fine roller mill in
the town of Stanford, Ky., we hereby give notice
that we are now open for business and are
preparing to grind all kinds of grain into
flour and meal, and are also prepared to
grind all kinds of grain into flour and meal,
and are also prepared to grind all kinds of
grain into flour and meal.

MISS SALLIE HARRISON,

Formerly of Stanford, has opened a Purchasing
Agency in Chicago and all orders to her at 127
West Broadway, N. Y., will be promptly
attended to. She will make a specialty of Dress
Goods, and will also receive orders for Furniture, Car-
pets, and all other goods and will give the best
prices for same. Room 2nd floor, 127 West
Broadway, N. Y. City.

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Broadway, N. Y. City.

FOR

MAN

AND

BEAST!

Mexican Mustang Liniment

CURES

Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Burns, Scalds, Stings, Bites, Bruises, Pains, Corns, Sprains, Strains, Stitches, Stiff Joints, Backache, Galls, Sores, Spavin, Cracks, Contracted Muscles, Eruptions, Hoof Ail, Scow, Worms, Swinney, Saddle Galls, Fills.

PRESBYTERIANS

Who do not take the Herald and Pres-
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SEND
Five Cent Stamp
FOR A
Sample copy of that paper and a beautiful
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Size 4 1/2 x 6 1/2 inches.
Send name and address of ten or more
Presbyterians of different families or of one
family, and we will send you the Calendar
and sample copy free. Send at once.
Mention name of church and pastor, and say
where you live. Address
HERALD AND PRESBYTER,
175 ELM STREET,

W. P. WALTON.

GEORGE O. BARNES

GOD IS LOVE AND NOTHING ELSE

— PRAISE THE LORD. —

NORTH FAIRMOUNT, CINCINNATI, O.
Oct. 24, 1887.

DEAR INTERIOR:—North Fairmount is a misanthropic suburb of that metropolis known as "Porkopolis" in the days when grunting swine wandered unrebuked in the streets, and saucily rooted between the legs of pedestrians for the gutter garbage. At last the biped rebelled and the grunting swine banished. Yet the city is not clean. Nay, since Pittsburgh washed her face and put on gaseous airs, she can even fairly aspire to the position vacated by that Queen of Squalor as the dirtiest city on the continent. One looks upon the color of the water in the basin, after the 10th ablution of the day, with wonder not unmingled with disgust, and says, "Can I be so dirty a wretch as that?"

Once upon a time, when coal smoke was unknown in that vicinity, the Indian pitched his wigwam, beside the loveliest of meandering streams. At the bottom of the densely wooded dell, the half river, half streamlet—now called Mill Creek—wound its babbling way, to yield its modest tribute to the broad Ohio tide. To look upon its poisoned and polluted waters to-day, sluggish with foetid drainings from cess pools, cattle-yard and pig-sty, one could hardly believe it to have been, in its earlier history, exquisite for beauty or crystal for clearness. At present it is merely the foulest of open drains, breeding malaria and mosquito toes.

The hills along this once beautiful stream are being so cloven and gashed, to yield building sites and material for vast fillings elsewhere, that they are torn to pieces, past recognition, as the great, dirty city encroaches on them. Up the C. & D. R., which follows this Mill Creek valley, the hills, as yet untouched, show what the ones, so grievously marred, once were. Beautiful, billowy masses of foliage now, with gorgeous autumn tints crowning them so gloriously.

George Dunlap has a mission church in North Fairmount, and his energetic friends—Norris, of the stock-yards; Brooks, of Camp Washington; and the Shermons, of Fairmount, uphold his hands most efficiently. Wife and I were the honored guests of the latter dear family, and made acquaintanceships that will, we trust, ripen into lifelong friendships. Nothing could exceed the courteous attentions of these kind entertainers, and we spent a most happy week at their cottage on the hill. The girls were across the stock-yards at the Hackett House, which is kept by a Kentuckian from Jessamine county. They too were most hospitably entertained. The little hall where our meetings were held was only capable of holding 200, jammed; and was not once filled to its utmost capacity. Folks from the city decline to come to the malodorous vicinity of the stock yards, and the folks of Fairmount don't generally "take stock" in religion. It would have taken a solid month to "work up" a "good meeting," and a month we did not have to spare from our cold-weather Southern work. The dear people who came all got blessing, and the interest was growing slowly but steadily when we came away. I am glad we went. It will be a help some of these days, when the dear LORD bids us beseege the unclean, wicked, but still most attractive city of Cincinnati. I believe He has "much people" there whom our simple gospel will reach and bless.

We have been in North Fairmount just a week. We all had a little touch of Mill Creek miasma in that time, but all were healed by the good LORD in the simple way of His own appointment—a drop of oil and a word of prayer.

PADUCAH, KY. OCT. 27, 1887.

We came from Cincinnati via the Short Line. It may be "short," but it is anything but "sweet;" for I have not in my travels met any so jerky, bumpy, rollickingly drunken a railway as this. The old "Erie" was something like it, in recklessness of speed and sharpness of turnings. But for attempts to jump the track without quite making it, commend me to the Short Line, between Cincinnati and Louisville.

"Can you lodge four Barons?" we telegraphed Pat Joyce, our friend of 40 odd years. "Yes! Come along! Glad to have you!" he wired back, and the dear old boy met us at the station with his hearty grasp and unchanged affectionate ways. In a quarter of an hour we were at 532 Second street, which poured out its inmates in tumultuous welcome to greet us. For about five minutes, according to immemorial usage, when we enter Pat's house, every living soul of us, big and little—I had almost said—yells at a very high pitch of voice, regardless of everybody else. Questions and answers there are, but to the general observer it is simply Babel—these old time greetings. After awhile we quiet down; consent to take chairs and talk like rational people.

Our stay at Pat's was all too short. I was voted a tyrant of "most hideous mien," in view of a firm purpose to be off to Paducah on the next morning's train. I could hardly do otherwise, seeing I had sent a telegraphic appointment, which I could not, decently, cancel. But the female mind is no wise logical, and the feminine cho-

rus of disapprobation refused to take such a commonplace as breaking a positive engagement into consideration. But I was "chilled steel" and carried the point, leaving promptly at 9:30 Wednesday A. M. The run from Louisville to Paducah—220 miles—was quite a surprise to us all. The C. & O. road is perfectly equipped and the emigrant travel that so sorely oppresses the eastern division ceases at Louisville, by branching off on another route. Travel, in a parlor car, with reclining chairs, over a beautifully smooth road, takes off the weary edge of a wandering life to a marvellous degree. Such was our comfortable lot on the C. & O. out of Louisville. The scenery crossing Maudslough's Hill is exquisite and the whole route through undulating oak forest a perpetual feast to the eye, with October glory upon everything. Some of the trees, notably the willow, and water oaks, are quite green yet, while the sweet gum, the beech and white and red oaks, are ablaze in many-tinted splendor. Some look so crimson red that one should think blood drops must need follow a puncture. I never saw finer autumn hues than this one has brought with it. One is tempted to sentimentalize indefinitely over them.

Our good friend, Mr. Rowland, who, hearing a sermon or two in Frankfort, invited us to Paducah, met us at the depot, in company with his partner in the real estate and insurance business, Mr. Trueheart, and we were soon at our quarters in a comfortable hotel as a weary traveler could wish for. Mr. T. is a nephew of our good Mrs. Trueheart, so well known in Stanford. I think people who have such attractive names to start with have the advantage of us common folk. The very sound of the syllables has an inspiring effect. I should think, and a name like "Trueheart" ought to be a talisman to guard the life from low thoughts and aspirations.

Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES.

IN MEMORIAM

—In Lincoln county, Kentucky, October 7th, 1887, at his home near Dix river, David Spoonamore was called to his reward. Peacefully he fell asleep, after many days of suffering and wearisome nights of pain. His was a long life of 77 years, characterized by energy in business, honesty in all his transactions and a conscience void of offense toward all men. He did not wait to make his peace with God until his last illness. For many years he had been a member of the Methodist Church and loved its ordinances. When his feet touched the cold waters of the Jordan he was not afraid, but looked beyond to the heavenly city that hath foundations, whose Maker and Builder is God. Full of years, with the blissful hope of immortality, he has been gathered to his fathers. The dear ones he left behind mourn not as those without hope. The devoted wife who walked by his side 53 years can look forward to a reunion where separations never come and death is unknown. The suffering of this present life is not to be compared with the exceeding great reward God has prepared for His faithful followers. The trials of earth come to all, but the redemption through Christ brings the promise of glory hereafter, and God's children, with an eye to the recompense of the reward, pass through earth's afflictions with cheerful submission. While our homes may be desolated and our hearts bereaved, it is not long—the end will come—the sorrows will be passed and broken families again be united. Let not the bereaved hearts of wife and children dwell upon the loss of husband and father, but think of him as happy in heaven, free from sickness, free from care and trial and forever with the Lord. Let them remember that there is now.

"One more at home!
That home where separation cannot be,
That home where none are missed eternally
Lord Jesus grant us all a home with Thee,
At home in heaven."

ASTRONOMERS say that on or about the 13th of this month the earth will pass through the meteoric belt and a brilliant display may take place, equalling if not surpassing the great event of the kind in 1833. And this reminds us of what our father used to tell of it. He was sleeping with another little brother, James, and on awakening and seeing what looked like thousands of stars falling, he became alarmed and tried to arouse the other sleeper, who half opened his eyes and remarked, "Oh, go to sleep boy; that's the way the stars go down every morning."

—Bro. Keck, a preacher belonging to the Cincinnati Methodist conference, has been convicted at Cedarville, O., of stealing a flat-iron from one of his members. What a preacher would want with a flat-iron is hard to conjecture, unless to throw at the sleepy members of his congregation when they are inclined to venture into the Land of Nod.

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North	2:03 P. M.
" " " " " " " " " " " "	1:51 P. M.
Express train " " " " " " " " " "	11:45 A. M.
" " " " " " " " " " " "	1:30 A. M.
Local Freight North	6:55 A. M.
" " " " " " " " " " " "	6:55 A. M.

The latter train also carries passengers.

These times are calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 20 minutes faster.

K. C. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Trains leave Rowland at 5 and 7:20 A. M.

Returning, arrive at 6 and 8:55 P. M.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Buy your school books and school supplies from A. R. Penny.

Ask your grocer for the Cincinnati Baking Co.'s crackers and cakes.

Watches and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted by A. R. Penny.

A complete stock of jewelry, latest style. Rockford watches a specialty. A. R. Penny.

The firm of Penny & McAlister having dissolved, the accounts are ready for settlement. Come at once and settle. You may save cost.

—At New Burlington, Ind., Ped Sheickley shot and killed his father-in-law, James Carey, and then blew out his own brains.

New Photograph Gallery!

Opposite Female College. Call and examine my work. Cabinets \$1 per dozen. Satisfaction guaranteed.

J. R. PAUL, Photographer.

H. C. JOHNSON, THE BOOT & SHOE MAKER,

Is now prepared with a good stock and an additional workman to do any kind of work in his line promptly and in the best manner. Give him a trial. Shop on Lancaster street. (277)

Estray!

A Bay Mare, 14 or 15 years old, in poor condition, came to my farm about 3 weeks ago. The owner can get her by paying for this advertisement and the keeping of her.

ALLEN BEAZLEY, Stanford, Ky.

For Rent.

A Desirable Dwelling House and Store Room in Hustonville.

On Danville street, near Main. There is also a garden and stable. It is a very suitable place to run a small store. Call on or address CHAS. H. RISHOP, Hustonville, Ky.

DR. S. C. DAVIS, Physician and Surgeon.

Mt. Vernon, Ky.

Office next door to Whitehead's Drug Store. Special attention given to diseases of children. (277-1)

Florence Washing Machine.

I have bought the right to sell the Florence Washing Machine and am now prepared to furnish all who wish to save their clothes from the rubbing and tearing incident to the old process of washing. Take one and try it and be convinced. I will not worry you about buying unless you are fully satisfied as to its merits.

The undersigned, having purchased the Florence Washing Machine, and after a thorough trial, we take pleasure in adding our testimony as to its worth, and without hesitation pronounce it a success in every particular, doing all that is claimed for it.

Wm. Daugherty, J. W. Wallace, Dr. Bourne, Mrs. S. P. Satter, A. C. Nye, Hill Perkins, Lewis Daddler, J. E. Lyon, L. L. Dawson, C. Vannoy, Mrs. Amanda Peak, George Peyton, Alex. Holliday, C. C. Fields, Albert Landon, Sam. Kainer, K. E. Barrow, A. M. Feland and many others.

H. F. E. KIN, Headquarters at S. S. Myers' store.

Estray! A Blood-Red Yearling Steer

Came to my farm about the middle of August. Owner can get him by paying for this notice and board of steer. B. D. HOLTZCLAUF, Near Walnut Flat.

Administrator's Sale!

As Administrator of G. W. King, deceased, I will sell on the premises 3 miles north of Crab Orchard, on the Lancaster pike, on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1887,

The Following Property:

31 head extra good feeding cattle, 2 milch cows, 4 calves, 4 extra good mares in foal by Walker's Messenger Chief; 2 sucking colts; 3 2 year old colts by Mauburn King; 1 pair work mules; 20 fatsteering hogs, of all sizes and pigs; 800 bushels of corn; 40 bushels shelled oats; 5 stacks of hay; 100 shocks of fodder; wagon, buggy, farming utensils, &c.

For Rent.

The Farm of Three Hundred Acres

With a No. 1 Dwelling House and all necessary improvements will be rented for the year 1888.

TERMS:—All sums of \$10 and under, cash in hand. Five per cent discount if paid in advance. With bond well secured, payable in Farmers' National Bank, Stanford, Ky.

J. C. KING, Admr.

PUBLIC SALE

MILL & STORE PROPERTY

I will sell at public auction on the premises, on

Thursday, November 17th, 1887.

The following described real estate, situated on the North Rolling Fork of Salt River, 1 1/2 miles from gravel switch station, on the Knoxville Branch of the L. & N. R. R., in Marion County, Ky. The improvements are:

A 2 1/2 story Frame Grist and Flouring Mill, with Saw Mill attached, steam power, doing a good business and in good running order. A new Frame Store building, 28x40 feet. A 1 1/2 story Frame Dwelling, six rooms, half a bath and two porches, with stairs, good clean at the door. Two Tenant Houses, a good Frame Barn, with stabling for 8 head of horses, corn crib for 500 bushels of corn, and other buildings not here mentioned, together with 5 1/2 Acres of land, more or less.

The above property is worthy the attention of buyers, as I am determined to sell, go high or low, as I have interest in Kansas that demands my immediate attention. For further particulars, call on the owner, who will be found at home on Friday and Saturday of each week, or address a

RICK & KODMAN, Lebanon, Ky.

Also a

Stock of Merchandise at Private Sale

Will invoice between \$5,000 and \$6,000; or will, separate the stock to suit purchaser. Conditions made known on day of sale. Sale will commence at 10 o'clock.

H. J. HOUFF, Stanford, Ky. (275-1)

J. C. GLAZEBROOK, Auctioneer


PLEASE OBSERVE
— THAT —
M'ROBERTS & STAGG,
— HAVE —
A FULL ASSORTMENT!
— OF —
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware,

Having secured the services of C. F. KENT, a practical Watchmaker with many years' experience, all work will be done with neatness and dispatch, fully insured. Spectacles and Eye Glasses to suit the eye.

UNDERWEAR!
Is now Complete.
In Single Pieces or in Suits!
From the Cheapest Cotton to the Finest Hatterigan or Camel's Hair.
BRUCE & M'ROBERTS.

H. C. RUPLEY,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
— I have received and still receiving —
New Goods for Fall and Winter,
Comprising the best in the market, which will be
Gotten Up in Style and Made Second to None in City or Country
Give Me a Trial.
H. C. RUPLEY.

WEAREN & MENEFFEE,



Dealer in Fine Buggies, Carriages, Surveys, Phaetons, Spring Wagons, Buck Boards, Road Carts, Farming Implements, Engines, Mills, Grain, Feed, Seeds, Coal, Lumber, Doors, Sash-Blinds, Picket Fencing, &c. Our Stock of Vehicles is larger and more complete than ever before, from the cheapest to the best. All of work guaranteed as represented. Prices to suit the times. We can sell you as good vehicles as any dealer or manufacturer and for as little money. Come and see our fine assortment before it is broken.
WEAREN & MENEFFEE.
J. B. GREEN, Agt., Hustonville, Ky.

Attention, Please.
— We desire to call your attention to our fresh and —
Complete Line of Groceries
Of every description, which we keep constantly on hand, and ask you to come and examine it as well as
Our Stock of Hardware.
Which no retail house can compete with. While you are here, we will show you the
Oliver Chilled and Imperial Plows,
We are agents for, the best in the market; also the
IMPROVED WATER ELEVATOR,
Something new and novel and the best thing of the kind in use. In our line of Heating and Cook Stoves, we can please the most fastidious in both price and make, and especially in Heating Stoves we wish to show you something excellent. Of course we keep Lime, Cement, Salt, &c., and in fact there is scarcely anything we haven't got that is anything near our line. Come in when you are in town and we shall be delighted to make it pleasant for you. Very truly,
HOCKER & BRIGHT.

BUY
GROCERIES
— OF —
T. R. WALTON
— CORNER —
MAIN & SOMERSET STS..
AND GET THE
BEST.

A. R. PENNY,
PHARMACIST.
— DEALER IN —
Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.
Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.
— Also —
JEWELER.
The Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware
Ever bought at this market. Prices Lower than the lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted.

